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THE
Second Part of
HERO and LEANDER.

Conteyning their further Fortunes.

By Henry Petowe.

Sat citò, si sit bene.



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Andrew
Harris, and are to be sould at his shop,
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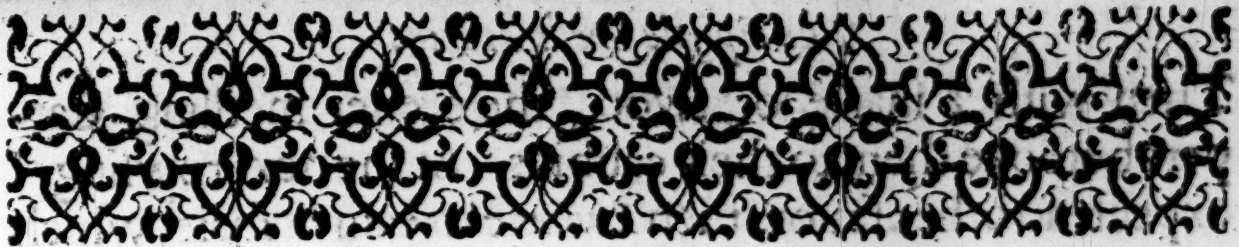
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¶ To the Right worshipfull sir *Henrie Guilford Knight, H. P.* vvisheth all
encrease of worship, and endlesse Felicitie.



Right Worshipfull, although presumption merite pennance in dedicating such rude and vnpolished lynes, to the protection of so worthy a personage: yet I hope your wonted fauor and clemencie will priuiledge mee from blame, and accept of the giuer, as one who woulde hazard life to moue your Wor: the least iot of content. Yf it be thought a point of wisdom in that impouerished soule, that by taking sanctuarie, doth free himselte from many dangers: then impute no blame vnto my selfe, that seeke for safegard, being round beset with many enemies. No sonet had report made knowen my harmeles *Muses* first progresse, how she intended to make tryall of her vn fledged plumes; but (my selfe being present where that babling dame was prating) I heard iniurious Enuy, reply to this effect,

*Dares she presume to flie, that cannot goe?
We'le cut her plumes said they, it shall be so.*

A iij

Then

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Then with a snarle or twoo, these euer meddling Carpers betooke them to their cabbins. At the next rowling, I expect no other fauor, then *Enuies* extreamest furie, which to withstand, if I may purchase your Wor: safe protection, no better garde will my fearefull soule desire. To make the cause manifest vnto your worthines, why *Enuie* thus barketh at mee, I intreat your wiledome to consider the sequel. This Historie of *Hero* and *Leander*, penned by that admired Poet *Marloe*: but not finished (being preuented by sodaine death:) and the same (though not abruptly, yet contrary to all menns expectation) resting like a heade leperated from the body, with this harsh sentence, *Desunt nonnulla*. I being enriched by a Gentleman a friend of mine, with the true Italian discourse, of thole Louers further Fortunes, haue presumed to finish the Historie, though not so well as diuers riper wits doubtles would haue done: but as it is rude and not praise worthy: so neyther doe I expect praise nor commendations. This therefore is the cause of their sodayne enmitie, that I being but a flie dare presume to soare wyth the *Egle*. But how-euer they dislike it, maye your worthines but grace this my first labor with your kind acceptance, my hart shal enioy the depth of his desire: And your Wor: shall continually bind me in all seruiceable dutie to rest vnto your worship alwaies deuoted.

Your worships most humbly to commaund.

Henrie Petowe.

To the quicke-sighted Reader.



INde Gentlemen, what I would I cannot, but what I could with that litle skill I had, I haue presumed to present to your fauourable viewes: I am not ashamed to beg your kind fauours, because I finde my selfe altogether insufficient to performe that which my good will hath taken in hand: Yet with my soule I wish my labours maye merite your kynde fauours. Yf not for the toyle herein taken, which I confesse haue no way deserued the least iotte of fauour: yet for the Subiects sake, for Hero and Leanders sake. Yf neyther of these purchase fauour, the frowning browes of sad discontent, will banish my poore harmeles Muse, into the vast wide wildernesse of eternall obliuion. I am assured Gentlemen, you will maruell what folie or rather furie inforced mee to vndertake such a waightrie matter, I beeing but a slender Atlas to uphoulde or vndergoe such a masse burthen: yet I hope you will rather assist, and further mee with the wings of your sweete fauours, then to hinder my forward indeanours with your dislikings: esteeming it as the first fruits of an vnripe wit, done at certaine vacant howers: In which hope I rest captiuated till I be freed by your liberall and kinde Censures.

Yours still, if mine cuer.

Henrie Petowe.

HERO and LEANDERS

further Fortunes.



Hen young *Apollo* heauens sacred beautie,
Gan on his siluer harpe with reuerent dutie,
To blazen forth the faire of *Tellus* wonder,
Whose faire, all other faires brought subiect

Heauen gan to frowne at earthes fragilitie, (vnder:
Made proude with such adored Maiestie.

Hero the faire, so doe I name this faire,
With whome immortall faires might not compare,
Such was her beautie fram'd in heauens seorne,
Her spotles faire caus'd other faires to mourne:

Heauen frown'd, *Earth* sham'd, that none so faire as she,
Base borne of earth in heauen might equall be.

Fell moodie *Venus* pale with fretting ire,
Aye mee (quoth she) for want of her desire,
Earthes basest mould, fram'd of the baser dust,
Strumpet to filth, bawde to loathed lust:

Worse then *Medeas* charmes, are thy inticements,
Worse then the *Mermaides* songs, are thy allirements.

Worse then the snake hag *Typhoea*,
To mortall soules is thy inuicagling beautie:

B

Thu

Hero and Leanders

Thus she exclaimes ganst harmeles *Hero's* faire,
And woud the Gods content, her dangling haire,
Wherewith the busie ayre doth often play,
(As wanton birdes vpon a Sunne-shine day.)
Should be transform'd to snakes all vgly blacke,
To be a meanes of her eternall wracke.
But wanton *Ioue* sweete beauties fauorite,
Demaunds of beautie beauties worthy merite:
Yf beauties guerdon merit paine (quoth he,)
Your faire deserues no lesse as faire as she,
Then moodie *Luna* frowning gan replie,
He want my will, but strumpet she shall die.
Iuno (quoth he) we ought not tyrannize,
On such (saide she) as you doe wantonnize.
But since our continent the scope of Heauen,
Containes her not, vnlesse from earth beryuen,
He make a transformation of her hue,
And force the haue Mother earth to rue:
That her base wombe dare yeilde such bastard faires,
That *Ioue* must seeke on earth immortall heires.
He cause a second desperat *Phaeton*,
To rule the fierie Charriot of the Sunne:
That topsie turvie Heauen and Earth may turne,
That Heauen, Earth, Sea, and Hell may endlesse burne.
Stay head-strong goddesse *Ioue* to *Iuno* sayde,
Can you doe this without your husbands ayde?
With that she gan intreate it might be so,
But *Ioue* would not sweete beautie overthrow:
But this he graunted *Iuno*, that *Angello*
Should neuer more extoll the faire of *Hero*.

His

His censure past the irefull *Quene* doth his,
 To set a period to his harmony,
 From forth his yeilding armes the soone because
Apollo's Lute, whom comfortlesse the leaves,
 Making a Thousand parts of two gould strings,
 Into obliuions Cell the same the strings.
 Quicke sighted spirits, this supposed *Apollo*,
 Conceit no other, but th'admired *Marlo*.
Marlo admir'd, whose honney flowing vaine,
 No English writer can as yet attaine,
 Whose name in Fames immortall treasure,
 Truth shall record to endles memorie,
Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all diuine,
 What soule more happy, then that soule of thine?
 Liue still in heauen thy soule, thy fame on earth,
 (Thou dead) of *Marlo's Hero* findes a dearth.
 Weepe aged *Tellus*, all earth on earth complaine,
 Thy chiefe borne faire, hath lost her faire againe.
 Her faire, in this is lost, that *Marlo* want,
 Inforceth *Hero's* faire be wonderous scant.
 Oh had that King of poets breathed longer,
 Then had faire beauties fort been much more stronger:
 His goulden pen had clos'd her so about,
 No bastard *Egles*, quill the world throughout,
 Had been of force to marre what he had made,
 For why they were not expert in that trade:
 What mortall soule with *Marlo* might contend,
 That could gainst reason force him stoope or bend?
 Whose siluer charming tongue, mou'd such delight,
 That men would shun their sleepe in still darke night.

Hero and Leanders

To meditate vpon his goulden lynes; his rare conceits and sweete according times.
 But *Marlo* full admired *Marlo's* gon,
 To liue with beaue in *Elyzium*,
 Immortall beaue, who desires to heare,
 His sacred Poesies sweete in euery eare:
Marlo must frame to *Orpheus* melodie,
 Himnes all diuine to make heauen harmonie,
 There euer liue the Prince of Poetrie,
 Liue with the liuing in eternitie,
Apollo's Lute bereau'd of siluer strings,
 Fond *Mercury* doth harshly giue to sing.
 A counterfeite vnto his harmonie,
 But I doe feare he'll chatter it by rote:
 Yet if his ill according voice be such,
 That (hearing part) you thinke you heare too much,
 Beare with his rashnes, and he will amende,
 His follie blame, but his good will commend.
 Yet rather discommend what is intreated,
 For if you like it, some wil forme and fret.
 And then insulting *Egles* soaring hie,
 Will pray vpon the filie harmeles flie
 (*Nil refert*) for llo pawne my better part,
 Ere sweete fac't beaue loose her due deare.
 Auaunt base Steele where shrill tong'd siluer rings,
 The chatt'ring Pie may range when black-birdes sing:
 Birdes blacke as Iet with sweete according voices,
 Like to *Elyziums* Saincts with heauenly noises.
 Why should harsh *Mercury* recount againe,
 What sweet *Apollo* (liuing) did maintaine?

Which

furth^r Fortunes.

Which was of *Hera* her all pleasing faire,
Her prettie browes, her lip, her amber haire,
Her roseat cheeke; her lillie fingers white,
Her sparkling eyes that lend the day his light:
What should I say, her all in all he prayd,
Wherewith the spacious world was much amazed.
Leanders loue, and louers sweetest pleasure,
He wrought a full discourse of beauties treasure;
And left me nothing pleasing to recite,
But of vnconstant chance, and fortunes spight,
Then in this glasse view beauties frayltie,
Faيرة *Hero*, and *Leanders* miserie.



THE virgin Princeesse of the western Ile,
Faيرة *Cambarina* of the goulden soile,
And yet not faire, but of a swartie hew,
For by her gould, her beautie did renew:
Renew as thus, that hauing gould to spare,
Men helde it dutie to protest and sweare,
Her faire was such, as all the world admir'd it,
Her blushing beautie such, all men desir'd it.
The scornefull *Queene* made proude with fained praises,
Her black-fram'd spoule, to a hier rate she raises:
That men bewitched with her gould, not beautie,
A Thousand Knights as homage proffer dutie,

Hero and Leanders

Yf such a base deformed lump of clay,
In whome no sweete content had any stay,
No pleasure residence, no sweet delight,
Shelter from heate of day, or cold of night:
Yf such a she so many suitors had,
Hero whose angrie frownes made heaven sad:
Hero whose gaze gracing darke *Plutos* cell,
Pluto would deeme *Phabus* came there to dwell.
Hero whose eyes heavens fierie rapors staine,
Hero whose beautie makes night day againe,
How much more loue merits so sweet a *Queene*,
Whose like no out-worne world hath euer seene.
Of sweete *Leanders* loue, to *Hero's* beautie,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, and all the world is guiltie,
Of *Hero's* kindnes, to her trustie *Phere*,
By lost *Apollo's* tale it doth appere,
Recorded in the Register of Fame,
The workes of *Marlo* doe expresse the same,
But ere he gan of fickle chance to tell,
How bad chance gainst the Better did rebell:
When loue in loues sweet garden newly planted,
Remorcefull *Hero* to *Leander* graunted,
Free libertie, to yeild the world increase,
Vnconstant *Fortune* doe to harmeles peace:
Playde such vntruly pranks in loues despight,
That *lohe* was forced from his true-loues sight.
DVke *Utrechians* cruell, voyd of pittie,
Where *Hero* dwelt was regent of that Citie:
Woe worth that towne where bloody homicides,
And Tyrants are elected cities guides.

Woe

furth^r Fortuner.

Woe woorth that countrey where vnlawfull lust,
Sitts in a Regall throne, of force it must
Downe to the low layde bowells of the earth,
Like to a still borne Childe vntimely byrth:
Duke *Archilaus* lou'd; but whome lou'd he?
He courted *Hero*, but it would not bee.
Why should he plant where other Knights haue sown,
The land is his, therefore the fruit his owne;
Must it be thus, alas it is not so,
Lust may not force true-louers ouerthrow.
Lust hath no limits, lust will haue his will,
Like to a rauening wolfe that's bent to kill,
The Duke affecting her that was belou'd,
(*Hero* whose firme fixt loue *Leander* prou'd)
Gave on-set to the still resisting fort,
But fearefull hate set period to his sport.
Lust egg'd him on to further his desire,
But fell disdain inforc't him to retire.
When *Archilaus* sawe that thundering threats
Could not preuaile, he mildly then intreates.
But all in vaine, the Doo had choos'd her make,
And whome she tooke, she neuer would forsake,
The Doo's sweet Deere, this hunter seekes to chase,
Harmeles *Leander* whose all smiling face
Grac't with vnspotted faire to all mens sight,
Would force the houndes retire, and not to bite:
Which when the Duke perceau'd, an other cure,
Was forced from his den, that made much fure,
And treason he was nam'd, which helde so fast,
That feares swift winges did lend some ayde at last.

For

Hero and Leander

For force perforce *Leander* must depart
From *Sestos*, yet behind he left his hart,
His hart in *Hero's* brest, *Leander* left,
Leanders absence, *Heroes* ioyes bereft:
Leanders want, the cruell Duke thought sure
Some ease to discontent would soone procure.
Leander hauing heard his wofull doome,
Towards his weeping Lady he doth come,
Dewing her cheekes with his distilling teares,
Which *Hero* dryeth with her dangling haire:
They weeping greet each other with sweete kisses,
(Kindly imbracing) thus they gan their wishes.
Oh that these foulding armes might nere vndoe;
As she delir'd: so witht *Leander* too:
Then with her hand, she toucht his sacred brest,
Where in his bosome she desires to rest.
Like to a snake she cling vnto him fast,
And wound about him, which snatcht vp in hast,
By the Prince of birdes, borne lightly vp aloft,
Doth wrythe her selfe about his necke, and oft
About his winges displayed in the winde,
Or like as lue on trees cling bout the rinde:
Or as the Crab-fish hauing caught in seas
His enemies, doth claspe him with his cleas,
So ioynd in one, these two together stood,
Euen as *Hermophroditus* in the flood:
Vntill the Duke did bannish him away,
Then gan *Leander* to his *Hero* say,
(Let me goe where the Sunne doth parch the greene,
In temperate heate, where he is felt and seene:

Or

furth^r Fortunes.

{ Or where his beames doe not dissolue the ice,
In presence prest, of people mad or wise.
Set mee in high, or else in low degree,
In clearest skie, or where clowdes thickest bee,
In longest night, or in the shortest day,
In lustie youth, or when my haire be gray:
Goe I to heauen, to earth, or else to hell,
Thrall or at large, aliue where so I dwell,
On hill or dale, or on the foaming flood,
{ Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
{ Thine will I be, and onely with this thought,
{ Content thy selfe: although my chance be naught.)
Thus parted these two louers full of woes,
She staies behinde, on pilgrimage he goes.
Leaue we a while, *Leander* wandring Knight,
To *Delphos* taking his all speedie flight,
That by the Oracle of *Apollo*,
His further Fortunes he may truely knowe.

T Rue-loue quite bannisht, lust began to pleade,
To *Hero* like a scholler deeply reade:
The flaming sighes, that boyle within my brest,
Faire loue (quoth he) are cause of my vnrest.
Vnrest I entertaine for thy sweet sake,
And in my tent choose sorrow for my make.
Why dost thou frowne (quoth he) and then she turn'd
Oh coole the fainting soule, that flaming burn'd:
Forc't by desire, to touch thy matchles beautie,
To whome thy seruant vowes all reuerent dutie.
With that her irefull browes clowded with frownes,
His soule already drencht, in woes sea drownes.

Hero and Leanders

But floating on the waues thus he gan say,
Flint harted Lady canst thou be so coy?
Can pittie take no place, is kinde remorse
Quite bannisht, quite fled? then gan he to be horce,
Vnable to exclaine, against her longer,
Whose woe lament made *Hero's* hart more stronger.
Hero that gaue no eare to her commaunder,
But euer weepes for her exil'd *Leander*:
And weeping fore amongst her liquid teares,
These words she spake, wherewith her sorrow weares.
(The piller perisht is, whereto I lent,
To my vnhap, for lust away hath sent,
Of all my Ioy, the verie barke and rinde,
The strongest stay of my vnquiet minde:
And I alas am forc't without consent,
Dayly to mourne, till death doe it relent.)
Oh my *Leander* he is banished,
From his sweete *Hero's* sight he is exiled.
Oh yee iust heauens, if that heauen be iust,
Raine the vnbridled head, of hautie lust,
Make him to stoope, that forceth others bend,
Bereauc his ioyes, that rest me of my friend.
I want my selfe, for *Hero* wants her loue,
And where *Leander* is, my selfe doth moue.
What can I more, but haue a woefull hart,
My minde in woe, my body full of smart,
And I my selfe, my selfe alwayes to hate,
Till dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull state.
The angry Duke lay listning to her words,
And till she ends no speech at all affords,

Vntill

furth^r Fortunes.

Vntill at length; exclaiming gainst her kinde,
Thus he breath'd forth the venome of his minde.
{ (Oh timerous taunters that delights in toyes,
{ tangling iesters, depriuers of sweete ioyes,
{ Tumbling cock-boats tottering too and fro,
Grown'd of the graft, whence all my griete doth grow:
Sullen Serpents enuiron'd with despight,
That ill for good at all times doth requite.
As *Cypresse* tree that rent is by the roote,
As well sown seede, for drought that cannot sprout.
As braunch or slip bitter from whence it growes,
As gaping ground that raineles cannot close:
As fish on lande to whome no water flowes,
{ As flowers doe fade when *Phabus* rarest showes,
{ As *Salamandra* repulsd from the fier,
{ Wanting my wish, I die for my desire.)
Speaking those words death seiz'd him for his owne,
Wherewith she thought her woes were ouerthrowne:
Hero so thought, but yet she thought amisse,
Before she was belou'd: now findes no blisse.
Duke *Archilaus* being sodaine dead,
Young *Euristippus* ruled in his stead:
The next succeeding heire to what was his,
Then *Hero's* woes increast, and fled all blis.
Looke how the sillie harmeles bleating lambe,
Bereft from his kinde make the gentle dam,
Left as a pray to Butchers crueltie,
In whome she findes not any drop of mercie:
Or like a warriour whom his Souldiors flie,
At his shrill eccho of his foes dread cries.

Hero and Leanders

He all vnable to withstand so many,
Not hauing wherewith to combat, nor any
Assured friend that dares to comfort him,
Nor any way for feare dares succour him.
But as a pray he yeildes to him he would not,
Yf he had helpe, but (helplesse) striue he could not.
So far'd it with the meeke distressed *Hero*,
That sweet *Leander*, bannished her fro.
She had no *Hercules*, to defend her cause,
She had no *Brandamore*, disdainning lawes,
To combat for her safetie; this sweet *Io*,
Had no kinde *Ioue* to keepe her from her foe.
This *Psiches* had no *Cupid*, loue was bannisht,
And loue from loue exild, loue needs must famish.
Wood *Euristippus* for his brothers death,
Like as a toyled huntsman wanting breath,
Stormeth that bad chance in the games pursute,
Should cause him panting, rest as dead and mute.
Or like sad *Orphey* for *Euridice*,
Whom *Cerberus* bereft so hastily,
Like to the thundering threatens of *Hercules*,
The worldes admired Prince the great *Alcides*,
When *Nessus* got the height of his desire,
By rauishing his fairest *Deianire*.
Such was his ire, And more if more may be,
Which he gainst *Hero* breathed spightfully:
Thou damned hag: thus gan he to exclaime,
Thou base borne Strumpet one of *Circes* traine.
Durst thou presume, poore sillie simple flie,
With *Venus*'s force, to force an *Egle* die?

What

furth^r Fortunes.

What though my brother *Leander* bannished,
Must he by thee therefore be poysoned?
Die cursed wretch, with that he cast her from him,
And would not suffer her to looke vpon him.
The still amazed Lady musing stood,
Admiring why the Duke should be so wood.
Humbly she prostrates her at Angers feete,
And with downe dropping reares, like liquid sleete,
She watereth the Summer thirstie ground,
Weeping so long, she fell into a sound.
Againe reuiued by the standers by,
She doth intreate them to resolue her why,
Duke *Euristippus* wrongeth her so much,
As to dishonour her with such a touch.
Well know the Gods my guiltlesse soule (quoth she,)
Was *Archilaus* poysoned by me,
Yf so? Iust heauens and immortall powers,
Raine vengeance downe in all consuming showers:
And cause that *Hero*, that was counted faire,
Like a mad hellish firie to dispaire.
The more she weepes, the more the heauens smile,
Scorning that beautie should take any soile,
Iuno commaunded *Argos* to defend her,
But *Iupiter* would not so much befriend her.
Argos starke dead; sweet *Hero* might not liue,
For of her life the Duke will her deprive.
Her doome was thus, ere three moneths date tooke end,
If she found none, that would her cause defend:
Vntimely death should seize her as a pray,
And vntresisting life, should death obey.

Hero and Leanders

Meane time within a rocke-fram'd castle strong,
She was imprisoned traytors vile among:
Where (discontented) when she should haue rested,
Her foode bad fare, with sighes and teares she feasted.
And when the breathlesse horses of the Sunne,
Had made their stay, and *Luna* had begun,
With cheerefull smyling browes to grace darke night,
Clad in blacke sable weedes, for want of light.
This all alone sad Lady gan to play,
Framing sweet musick to her welladay:
The'ffect whereof this Sonnet plainly showes,
The fountaine whence springs *Hero's* heauie woes.



¶ *Hero's lamentation in Prison.*

Nights mourning blacke and mistie vailing hew,
Shadowes the blessed comfort of the Sunne:
At whose bright gaze I wonted to renew
My liueles life, when life was almost done.
Done is my life, and all my pleasure done,
For he is gone, in whome my life begun:
Vnhappie I poore I, and none as I,
But pilgrim he, poore he, that should be by.



My

furth^r Fortunes.

MY loue exil'd, and I in prison fast,
Out streaming teares breake into weeping raine,
He too soone banisht, I in dungeon-cast,
He for me mourneth, I for him complaine.
He's banished, yet liues at libertie,
And I exil'd, yet liue in miserie:
He weepes for me far off, I for him here,
I would I were with him, and he more nere.



BVt this imprisoning caue, this woefull cell,
This house of sorrow and increasing woe,
Griefes tearie chamber where sad care doth dwell,
Where liquid teares, like top fil'd Seas doe flow:
Beating their waues gainst still relentles stone,
Still still they smile on me, and I still mone;
I weepe to stone, and stone of stone I finde,
Colde stone, colde comfort yeilds (oh most vnkinde.)



Oft haue I read that stone relents at raine,
And I impleat their barren wombe with store,
Teares streaming downe, they wet and wet againe,
Yet pittilesse they harden more and more.
And when my longing soule lookes they should sonder,
I touch the flintie stone, and they seeme stronger,
They stronge, I weake: alas what hope haue I?
Hero wants comfort, Hero needs must die.

When

Hero and Leanders

When the melodious shrill tounge'd Nightingale,
With heauie cheere had warbled this sad tale:
Nights drowlie God an iuorie Cannopie,
Curtaines before the windowes of faire beautie.
Drown'd thus in sleepe, the spent the wearie night,
There leaue I *Hero* in a heauie plight.
Now to the woefull Pilgrime I returne,
Whose passions force the gentle birdes to mourne.
They see *Leander* weepe, with heauie note
They faintly singe, as when they singe by rote:
While he gan descant on his miserie,
The pretie fowles doe make him melodie.



¶ *Leanders* complaint of his
restles estate.

Right Heauens immortall mouing *Spheares*,
and *Phabus* all diuine,
Rue on lowe *Earths* vnfained teares:
that issue from *Earths* eyne.
Eyes, were these no eyes, whilst eies eye-sight lasted,
but these darke eyes cleere sight, sad sorrow wasted.

What creature liuing liues in griefe,
that breathes on *Tellus* soile?
But *Heauens* pitie with reliefe,
saue me, a slaue to spoyle.

Spoyle

furth^r Fortunes.

Spoyle doe his worst, spoyle cannot spoile me more,
Spoyle neuer spoyl'd, so true a Loue before.



THe stricken Deere stands not in awe
of blacke grym irefull Death,
For he findes hearbes that can withdrawe
the shaft, to saue his breath.
The chased Deere hath soile to coole his heate,
The toyled Steed is vp in stable set.



THe sillie Owles lurke in the leaues,
shine Sunne or nights Queene whether:
The Sparrowe shrowdes her in the eaves,
from stormes of huffing weather.
Fowles comfort finde, *Leander* findes no friend,
Then (comfortlesse) *Leanders* life must end.



BY this it pleas'd the smiling browes of Heauen,
Whose deadly frownes, him erst of ioy beryuen:
To set a period to *Leanders* toyle,
Hauing enioy'd that long desired soyle.

D

When

Hero and Leanders

When he had viewd the stately territories,
And *Delphos* sacred hie erected towers,
Vnto *Apello's* Oracle he goes,
In hope to finde reliefe for many woes;
He craues long lookt-for rest, or else to die,
To whome the Oracle gan thus reply.

The Oracle.

*He loueth thine that loues not thee,
His loue to thine shall fatall bee.
Vpon suspect she shalbe slaine,
Vnles thou doe retorne againe.*



THese harsh according rimes to mickle paine,
Did but renewe *Leanders* woes againe:
Yet as he might, with *Fortunes* sweet consent,
He gins retorne all dangers to preuent.
Within short time at *Sestos* he ariueth,
On *Loues* light winges, desire *Leander* driueth,
Desire that longs to view a blessed end,
Of *Loue* and *Fortune* that so long contend.
This backe retired Pilgrime liu'd secure,
And in vnknownen disguise, he did indure,
Full two moneths space vntill the time drew nie,
To free faire *Hera*, or inforce her die:
The date outworne of the prefixed day,
When combatants their valour should display.

furth^r Fortunes.

(All thinges prepar'd) as blazing fame reported,
T'were wonder to behould how men resorted.
Knights neighboring by, and Ladies all diuine,
Darting daies splendour from their Sunne-like eyne:
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectantur ut ipse,
But wanting faire, they come to gaze on beautie,
Beautie faire Heauens beautie, worlds wonder,
Hero whose beautie keepes all beautie vnder.
This faire fac't beautie, from a fowle fac't cell,
A loath-some dungeon like to nights darke hell,
At the fell Dukes commaund in open view,
Was sent for, on whose neuer spotted hew,
Earths mortall soules doe feed and gaze vpon her,
So long they gaze, that they doe surfet on her.
For when this Earthes admir'd immortall Sunne,
To peepe from vnder sable hould begun.
Like as the pearcing eye of cloudie Heauen,
Whose sight the blacke thicke cloudes haue quite beriuen.
But by the huffing windes being ouerblowen,
And all their blacke expeld and ouerthrowen.
The day doth gin, be iocund secure playing,
The faire of Heauen, his beautie so displaying:
So when the fairest *Hero* did begin,
(Whilome yclad in darknes blacke tan'd skin.
To passe the noysome portall of the prison,
Like to the gorgeous *Phabus* newly risen,
She doth illuminate the morning day,
Clad in a sable Mantle of blacke Say.
Which *Hero's* eyes transformed to faire white,
Making the lowring-morne darke, pure light.

Hero and Leanders

As many mortall eyes beheld her eies,
As there are fierie Tapors in the skies:
As many eyes gaz'd on faire *Hero's* beautie,
As there be eyes that offer Heauen dutie:
As many seruitors attended on her,
As *Venus*, seruants had to waite vpon her.
Though by the sterne Duke she was dishonored,
Yet of the people she was honored:
Mong't whome exil'd *Leander* all vnseene,
And all vnknowne attended on his *Queene*.
When to the neere-adioyning pallaice gate,
The place appointed for the Princely combate,
They did approch; there might all eies behold,
The Duke in armour of pure beaten gold,
Mounted vpon a Steed as white as snow,
The proud Duke *Euristippus* *Hero's* foe.
Hero being seated in rich Maiestie,
A seruile hand-mayd to Captiuitie.
From whence she might behold that gentle Knight,
That for her sake durst hazard life in fight.
For this was all the comfort *Hero* had,
So many eyes shed teares to see her sad.
Her hand-maide hope, perswaded her some one,
Vndaunted Knight would be her Champion.
Yet since her Lord *Leander* was not nie,
She was resolu'd cyther to liue or die;
But her *Leander* carefull of his loue,
Intending loues firme constancie to proue:
(Yf to his lot the honour did befall,)
Withdrew himselfe into the Pallaice hall,
Where

furth^r Fortunes.

Where he was armed to his soules content,
And priuily conducted to a tent,
From whence he issu'd forth at trumpets sound,
Who. at the first encounter, on the ground,
Forced the mazed Duke sore panting lie,
Drown'd in the ryuer of sad extacie.
At length reuiuing, he doth mount againe,
Whome yung *Leander* in short time had slaine.
The Duke quite dead, this all vnknowne young Knight,
Was forthwith made the heire of *Sestos* right.
The Princessse *Hero* set at libertie,
Kept by the late dead Duke in miserie:
Whose constancie *Leander* gan to proue,
And now anew begins to court his loue.
To walke on ground where danger is vnscene,
Doth make men doubt, where they haue neuer been.
As blind men feare what footing they shall finde:
So doth the wise mistrust the straungers minde.
I strange to you, and you vnknownen to me,
Yet may not loue twixt vs two grafted bee?
What I haue done, for *Hero's* loue was done,
Say then you loue, and end as I begun.
I hazard life, to free thy beauties faire,
From Tyrants force and hellish soule dispaire.
Then sacred *Faire* ballance my good desert,
Inrich my soule with thy affecting hart.
Hero repli'd: (to rue on all false teares,
And forged tales, wherein craft oft appeares,
To trust each fained face, and forcing charme,
Betrayes the simple soule that thinks no harme.)

Hero and Leanders

(Not euery teare doth argue inward paine,
Not euery sigh warrants, men doe not faine,
Not euery smoke doth proue a present fier,
Not all that glisters, goulden soules desire,
Not euery word is drawen out of the deepe,
For oft men smile, when they doe seeme to weepe:
Oft malice makes the minde to powre forth brine,
And entie leakes the conduits of the eyne.
Craft oft doth cause men make a seeming showe,
Of heauie woes where grieve did neuer growe.
Then blame not those that wiselic can beware,
To shun dissimulations dreadfull snare.
Blame not the stopped eares gainst *Syrens* songe,
Blame not the minde not mou'd with falshood tonge.)
But rest content and satisfied with this,
Whilst true *Leander* liues, true *Hero's* his.
And thy *Leander* liues sweete soule sayde he,
Praysing thy all admired chastitie.
Though thus disguis'd, I am that banisht Knight,
That for affecting thee was put to flight.
Hero, I am *Leander* thy true phere,
As true to thee, as life to me is deere.
When *Hero* all amazed gan reuiue,
And she that then seem'd dead, was now aliue:
With kinde imbracements kissing at each straine,
She welcoms him, and kisses him againe.
By thee, my ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
All stormes be past, and weather waxeth faire,
By thy returne *Hero* receaues more loye,
Then *Paris* did when *Hellen* was in *Troy*.

By

further Fortunes.

By thee my heauy doubts and thoughts are fled,
And now my wits with pleasant thoughts are fed.
Feed sacred Sainct on *Nectar* all diuine,
While these my eyes (quoth he) gaze on thy eyne.
And euer after may these eyes beware,
That they on strangers beautie neuer stare:
(My wits I charme henceforth they take such heede,
They frame no toyes, my fancies new to feede.
Deafe be my eares to heare another voice,
To force me smile, or make my soule reioyce,
Lame be my feete when they presume to moue,
To force *Leander* seeke another loue.)
And when thy faire (sweet faire) I gin disgrace,
Heauen to my soule afford no resting place.
What he to her, she vow'd the like to him,
(All sorrowes fled) their ioyes anew begin.
Full many yeares those louers liu'd in fame,
That all the world did much admire the same.
Their liues spent date, and vnresisted death,
At hand to set a period to their breath,
They were transform'd by all diuine decrees,
Into the forme, and shape of two Pine trees.
Whole *Natures* such, the *Famale* pine will die,
Vnles the *Male* be euer planted by:
A map for all succeeding times to come,
To view true-loue, which in their loues begun.

FINIS.

Qualis vita, finis ita.